

BAD PR

Caskey

Put down the drugs
I'm still on one and buzzing finally
Can't ride this wave
Same way you can't ride a whole sunami
Hustle and timing bout the only thing you need
To get some money
Homie skating through his life
Cuz he wasn't grinding

Brodie saying he up next
But he stuck behind me
Looking in my rear-view mirror
I could see a ruffled diamond
Don't see no shining though
He must be lying
Talking bout his Rolex but it's fake
Guess it's touchy timing
Wipe the fucking smirk off my haters
Yall too broke to smile round me
Style bender
Bend the timing
Pull the style out me
Not MMA the FBI they got a file on me
Bullet shells
Rubber bands
I got a pile on me

Send him to the ER
They wishing it was VR
The way I put em in the grave
And don't care bout the PR
If they don't like me
It's nothing new we know who we are
Call the ambulance
And send that boy into the DR

Ima hell raiser
And a trail blazer
Stopped sipping that because it turned me
To a snail pacer
In middle school you was a bully
And an L raiser
Then you peaked in high school and quit
Because it felt safer
I took calculus
And calculated my own repertoire
If I'm high at all
It's only cuz that's where I set the bar
You and your homies wanted beef
You pulling up
I got four nines pointed at two different jokers
Like a deck of cards
Homie take a breathe
You just a stepping stone
And I don't care where I step
We left him missing teeth
Man they thought he taking meth

This drama give me life
Ima do it till my death

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Aye they wonder why I don't do no collabs
Truth be told I don't like rappers much
Unless it's Yelawolf or my day ones
Y'all be fake as fuck
Bunch of pussies in the game
Who out here acting tuff
Bite my shit
Then when they see me try and dap me up
It's head hunting season
I'm done with all that friendly talking
Won't take no jewelry off me
I keep me a semi often
A stack of hundreds on me
They won't get a penny off me
Piss on his grave
Dig him up then shit inside the coffin
When you this good at rapping they gone keep they distance from you
It's cool cuz I don't need no new friends
I get the money
This shit get sticky like it's dipped in honey
But it's dipped in oil
When I set that boy on fire he a blooming onion
I can't bump none of that new shit
It's too redundant
I tried to give these boys a chance
But I'm too reluctant
You popping in your city
No one heard you out in London
I can't be broke
When this money out here too abundant

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